

[CHEAP REPOSITORY. Number 17.]

The History of C. C.
TAWNY RACHEL,
THE FORTUNE TELLER,
Black Giles's wife.



PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY B. & J. JOHNSON,

No. 147 HIGH-STREET.

1800.

[Price 6 Cents.]

T A

T A

po

to be

family

ricks

our

neir

eniu

al m

ach

aske

o g

abba

ook

it fl

TAWNY RACHEL, &c.

TAWNY Rachel was the wife of poaching Giles. There seemed to be a conspiracy in Giles's whole family to maintain themselves by tricks and pilfering. Regular labour and honest industry did not suit their idle habits. They had a sort of genius at finding out every unlawful means to support a vagabond life. Rachel travelled the country with a basket on her arm. She pretended to get her bread by selling laces, cabbage nets, ballads and history books, and to buy old rags and rabbit skins. Many honest people trade

in these things, and I am sure I don't mean to say a word against honest people, let them trade in what they will. But Rachel only made the traffic a pretence for getting admittance into farmers' kitchens, in order to tell fortunes. She was continually practising on the credulity of silly girls; and took advantage of their ignorance to cheat and deceive them. Many an innocent servant has she caused to be suspected of a robbery while she herself, perhaps, was in league with the thief. Many a harmless maid has she brought to ruin by first contriving plots and events, and then pretending to foretell them. She had not to be sure, the power of foretelling things, because she had no power of seeing into futurity; but she had the art sometimes to bring them about according as she had foretold them. So she got that credit for her

I don't know what the wisdom which really belonged to her wickedness.

Rachel was also a famous interpreter of dreams, and could distinguish exactly between the fate of any two persons who happened to have a mole on the right or the left cheek. She had a cunning way of getting herself off when any of her prophecies failed. When she explained a dream according to the natural appearance of things, and it did not come to pass; then she would get out of that scrape by saying, that "this sort of dreams went by contraries." Now of two very opposite things the chance always is that one of them may turn out to be true; so in either case she kept up the cheat.

Rachel in one of her rambles stopped at the house of Farmer Jenkins. She contrived to call when she knew

the master of the house was from home, to my which indeed was her usual way. She money knocked at the door; the maids being our c out hay-making, Mrs. Jenkins went nkins to open it herself. Rachel asked her ink c if she would please to let her light .priti her pipe? This was a common pre .eed?" tence, when she could find no other urpri way of getting into a house. While welve she was filling her pipe, she looked his r at Mrs. Jenkins and said, she could Th tell her some good fortune. The ng d farmer's wife, who was a very inof- ried fenfive, but a weak and superstitious you c woman, was curious to know what ould she meant. Rachel then looked about ed h very carefully, and shutting the door t," with a mysterious air, asked her if Rach she was sure nobody would hear l kn hear them. This appearance of my- t lie stery was at once delightful and terri- her fying to Mrs. Jenkins, who bid the out cunning woman speak out. "Then," stor said Rachel in a solemn whisper, "there five

home, to my certain knowledge a pot of
 7. She money hid under one of the stones in
 s being our cellar." "Indeed," said Mrs.
 s went Jenkins, "it is impossible, for now I
 ed her think of it, I dreamt last night I was
 r light prison for debt." "Did you in-
 n pre- deed?" said Rachel, "that is quite
 other surprising. Did you dream before
 While twelve o'clock or after?" "O it was
 ooked this morning, just before I awoke.
 could Then I am sure it is true, for morn-
 The ing dreams always go by contraries,"
 inof- ried Rachel. "How lucky it was
 tious you dreamt it so late." "Mrs. Jenkins
 what could hardly contain her joy, and ask-
 bout ed how the money was to be come
 door t," "There is but one way," said
 er if Rachel, "I must go into the cellar.
 hear I know by my art under which stone
 my- t lies, but I must not tell." They
 erri- then both went down into the cellar,
 the out Rachel refused to point at the
 en," stone unless Mrs. Jenkins would put
 here five pieces of gold into a basin and do

as she directed. The simple woman, instead of turning her out of door for a cheat, did as she was bid. She put the guineas into a bason which she gave into Rachel's hand. Rachel strewed some white powder over the gold, muttered some barbarous words and pretended to perform the black art. She then told Mrs. Jenkins to put the bason quietly down within the cellar; telling her that if she offered to look into it or even to speak a word the charm would be broken. She also directed her to lock the cellar door, and on no pretence to open it in less than forty eight hours. "If," added she, "you closely follow the directions, then, by the power of magic art, you will find the bason conveyed to the very stone under which the money lies hid, and a fine treasure it will be." Mrs. Jenkins, who believed every word the woman said, did exactly as she was told, and Rachel cov-

woman took her leave with a handsome
of doorward.

d. S

When farmer Jenkins came home
Rache desired his wife to draw him a cup
over the cider; this she put off doing so
s words long that he began to be displeased.
At last she begged he would drink a
Jenkins little beer instead. He insisted on
knowing the reason, and when at last
offered she grew angry she told him all that
a woman had past; and owned that as the pot
of gold happened to be in the cider
cellar, she dare not open the door, as
open she was sure it would break the charm.

"If And it would be a pity you know,"
said she, "to lose a good fortune for
of the sake of a draught of cider." The
farmer, who was not so easily im-
posed upon, suspected a trick. He de-
manded the key, and went and open-
ed the cellar door. He found the ba-
lloon, and in it five round pieces of tin
covered with powder. Mrs. Jenkins

burst out a crying; but the farmer thought of nothing but of getting a warrant to apprehend the cunning woman. Indeed she well proved her claim to that name, when she insisted that the cellar door might be kept locked till she had time to get out of the reach of all pursuit.

Poor Sally Evans ! I am sure she rued the day that ever she listened to a fortune teller ! Sally was as harmless a girl as ever churned a pound of butter ; But Sally was ignorant and superstitious. She delighted in dream-books, and had consulted all the cunning women in the country to tell her whether the two moles on her cheek denoted that she was to have two husbands, or only two children. If she picked up an old horse-shoe going to church she was sure that would be a lucky week. She never made a black pudding

witho
old
firmly
mean
She
furn
her
Mid
the
did
of w
true
five
chu
year
they
stea
hav
hav
fear
had
cal
tim
the

without borrowing one of the Parson's old wigs to hang in the chimney, firmly believing there was no other means to preserve them from bursting. She would never go to-bed on Midsummer eve without sticking up in her room the well known plant called Midsummer-man, as the bending of the leaves to the right or to the left, did not fail to tell her whether Jacob, of whom we shall speak presently, was true or false. She would rather go five miles about than pass near a church-yard at night. Every seventh year she would not eat beans because they grew downward in the pod, instead of upward; and she would rather have gone with her gown open than have taken a pin of an old woman, for fear of being bewitched. Poor Sally had so many unlucky days in her calender, that a large portion of her time became of little use, because on these days she did not dare set about

any new work. And she would have refused the best offer if it had been made to her on a Friday, which she thought so unlucky a day that she often said what a pity it was that there were any Friday in the week! Sally had twenty pounds left her by her grandmother. She had long been courted by Jacob a sober lad with whom she lived fellow servant at a creditable farmer's. Honest Jacob, like his namesake of old, thought it little to wait seven years to get this damsel to wife, because of the love he bore her, for Sally had promised to marry him when he could match her twenty pounds with another.

Now there was one Robert, a rambling, idle young gardener, who instead of sitting down steadily in one place, used to roam about the country and do odd jobs where he

have could get them. No one understood
 been any thing about him, except that he
 n she was a down looking fellow who got
 t she his bread nobody knew how, and
 that never had a penny in his pocket. Ro-
 week! bert, who was now in the neighbour-
 er by hood, happened to hear of Sally
 long Evans and her twenty pounds. He
 lad conceived a longing desire for the lat-
 vant ter. So he went to his old friend
 t Ja- Rachel, told her all he had heard of
 ught Sally, and promised if she could bring
 get about a marriage between them, she
 the should go shares in the money.

pro- Rachel undertook the business.
 ould She set off to the farm house and
 h a- fell to singing one of her most enti-
 am- cing songs just under the dairy win-
 who dow. Sally was so struck with the
 y in pretty tune, which was unhappily used
 the to set off some very loose words, that
 he she jumped up, dropped the skim-
 ming dish into the cream and ran out

to buy the song. While she stooped down to rummage the basket for these songs which had the most tragical pictures, for Sally had a tender heart and delighted in whatever was mournful, Rachel looked steadfastly in her face, and told her she knew by her art that she was born to good fortune, but advised her not to throw herself away. "These two moles on your cheek," added she, "shew you are in some danger." "Do they denote husbands or children," cried Sally? starting up, and letting fall the song of the children in the wood; "Husbands," muttered Rachel, "Alas! poor Jacob!" said Sally mournfully, "then he will die first won't he?" "Mum for that," quoth the fortune-teller, "I will say no more." Sally was impatient, but the more curiosity she discovered, the more mystery Rachel affected. At last she said, "if you will cross my hand with a piece

of silver I will tell you your fortune.
 By the power of my art I can do this
 three ways; by cards, by the lines of
 your hand, and by turning a cup of
 tea-grounds: which will you have."
 O, all! all!" cried Sally, looking up
 with reverence to this fun-burnt oracle
 of wisdom, who knew no less than
 three different ways of diving into the
 secrets of futurity. Alas! persons of
 better sense than Sally have been so
 taken in; the more is the pity! The
 poor girl said she would run up stairs
 to her little box where she kept her
 money tied up in a bit of an old glove,
 and would bring down a bright queen
 Ann's six-pence very crooked. "I am
 sure," added she, "it is a lucky one,
 for it cured me of a very bad ague
 last spring, by only laying it nine nights
 under my pillow without speaking a
 word. But then you must know
 what gave the virtue to this six-pence
 was, that it had belonged to three

young men of the name of John. I am sure I had work enough to get it. But true it is, it certainly cured me. It must be the six-pence you know, for I am sure I did nothing else for my ague, except indeed taking some bitter stuff every three hours which the doctor called bark. Indeed I lost my ague soon after I took it, but I am sure it was owing to the crooked six-pence and not to the bark. And so, good woman, you may come in if you will, for there is not a soul in the house but me." This was the very thing Rachel wanted to know,

While Sally was above stairs untying her glove, Rachel slipped into the parlour, took a small silver cup from the beaufet, and clapped it into her pocket. Sally ran down lamenting she had lost her six-pence, which she verily believed was owing to her having put it into a left glove, instead of

John to get cured e you othing taking hours ndeed it, but crook- And e in if n the very unty- o the from her ting she ha- d of

a right one. Rachel comforted her by saying that if she gave her two plain ones instead, the charm would work just as well. Simple Sally thought herself happy to be let off so easily, never calculating that a smooth shilling was worth two crooked six-pences. But this skill was a part of the black art in which Rachel excelled. She took the money and began to examine the lines of Sally's left hand. She bit her withered lip, shook her head, and bade her poor dupe beware of a young man, who had black hair. "No indeed," cried Sally all in a fright, you mean black eyes, for our Jacob has got brown hair, 'tis his eyes that are black." "That is the very thing I was going to say," muttered Rachel, "I meant eyes though I said hair, for I know his hair is as brown as a chestnut, and his eyes as black as a flue." "So they are sure enough," cried Sally, "how in the

world could you know that?" forgetting that she herself had just told her so. And it is thus that these hags pick out of the credulous all which they afterwards pretend to reveal to them. "O, I know a pretty deal more than that," said Rachel, but you must be aware of this man. "Why so," cried Sally with great quickness, "Because," answered Rachel, "you are *fated* to marry a man worth a hundred of him who has blue eyes, light hair, and a stoop in the shoulders." "No, indeed, but I can't," said Sally, "I have promised Jacob, and Jacob I will marry." "You cannot child," returned Rachel, in a solemn tone; "it is out of your power, you are fated to marry the grey eyes and light hair." "Nay, indeed," said Sally, sighing deeply, "if I am fated, I must; I know there is no resisting one's fate." This is a common cant with poor deluded girls, who are not aware that they themselves make

forget their fate by their folly, and then complain there is no resisting it.——

"What can I do?" said Sally. "I will tell you that too," said Rachel. "You must take a walk next Sunday afternoon to the church-yard, and the first man you meet in a blue coat, with a large posy of pinks and fouthernwood in his bosom, sitting on the church-yard wall, about seven o'clock, he will be the man." "Provided," said Sally, much disturbed, "that he has grey eyes, and stoops." "O, to be sure," said Rachel, "otherwise it is not the right man." "But if I should mistake," said Sally, "for two men may happen to have a coat and eyes of the same colour?" "To prevent that," replied Rachel, "if it is the right man, the two first letters of his name will be R. P. This man has got money beyond sea." "O, I do not value his money," said Sally, with tears in her eyes, "for I love

Jacob better than house or land : but if I am fated to marry another, I can't help it. You know there is no struggling against my fate,"

Poor Sally thought of nothing, and dreamt of nothing all the week but the blue coat and the grey eyes. She made a hundred blunders at her work. She put her rennet into the butter-pan, instead of the cheese tub. She gave the curd to the hogs, and put the whey into the vats. She put her little knife out of her pocket for fear it should cut love, and would not stay in the kitchen, if there was not an even number of people, lest it should break the charm. She grew cold and mysterious in her behaviour to faithful Jacob, whom she truly loved. But the more she thought of the fortune teller, the more she was convinced that brown hair and black eyes were not what

he was fated to marry, and there
 fore though she trembled to think
 it, Jacob could not be the man.

On Sunday she was too uneasy
 to go to church; for poor Sally had
 never been taught that her being
 uneasy was only a fresh reason why
 she ought to go thither. She spent
 the whole afternoon in her little
 garret, dressing in all her best. First
 she put on her red ribbon which she
 bought at last Lammas fair: then
 she recollected that red was an un-
 lucky colour, and changed it for a
 blue ribbon, tied in a true lovers
 knot; but suddenly calling to mind
 that poor Jacob had bought this
 knot for her of a pedlar at the
 door, and that she had promised to wear
 it for his sake, her heart smote
 her, and she laid it by, fighting to
 think she was not fated to marry
 the man who had given it to her.

When she had looked at herself twenty times in the glass, for one vain action always brings on another, she set off, trembling and quaking every step she went. She walked eagerly towards the churchyard, not daring to look to the right or left, for fear she should spy Jacob who would have offered to walk with her.

As soon as she came within sight of the wall, she spied a man sitting upon it. Her heart beat violently. She looked again; but alas! the stranger not only had on a black coat, but neither hair nor eyes answered the description. She happened to cast her eyes on the church-clock, and found she was two hours before her time. This was some comfort. She walked away and got rid of the two hours as well as she could, paying great attention as she went

herself not to walk over any straws which
 one lay across. While the clock was stri-
 king seven, she returned to the church-
 yard, and, O! the wonderful power
 of fortune-tellers? there she saw him!
 there sat the very man! his hair as
 light as flax, his eyes as blue as
 butter-milk, and his shoulders as
 round as a tub. Every tittle agreed,
 to the very nosegay in his waistcoat
 button-hole. At first indeed she
 thought it had been sweet brier, and,
 glad to catch at a straw, whispered
 to herself, it is not he, and I shall
 marry Jacob still; but on looking
 again, she saw it was southernwood
 plain enough, and that all was over.
 The man accosted her with some non-
 sensical, but too acceptable compli-
 ments. Sally was naturally a mo-
 dest girl, and but for Rachel's wick-
 ed arts, would not have talked with
 a strange man: but how could she
 resist her fate you know? After a

little discourse, she asked him, with a trembling heart, what might be his name? "Robert Price at your service," was the answer. "Robert Price! that is R. P. as sure as I am alive, and the fortune-teller was a witch! It is all out! it is all out! O the wonderful art of fortune-tellers!"

The little sleep she had that night was disturbed with dreams of graves, and ghosts, and funerals; but as they were morning dreams, she knew those went by contraries, and that a funeral denoted a wedding. Still a sigh would now and then heave, to think that in that wedding Jacob could have no part. Such of my readers as know the power which superstition has over the weak and credulous mind, scarcely need be told, that poor Sally's unhappiness was soon completed. She forgot all her vows to

with Jacob ; she at once forsook an honest
 man whom she loved, and consented
 to marry one of whom she knew no-
 thing, from a ridiculous notion that
 she was compelled to do so by a
 decree which she had it not in her
 power to resist. She married this
 Robert Price, the strange gardener,
 whom she soon found to be very
 worthless, and very much in debt.
 He had no such thing as " money
 beyond sea," as the fortune teller
 had told her ; but he had another
 wife there. He got immediate pos-
 session of Sally's 20*l*. Rachel put in
 for her share, but he refused to give
 her a farthing, and bid her get a-
 way or he would have her taken up
 on the vagrant act. He soon ran
 away from Sally, leaving her to be-
 wail her own weakness ; for it was
 that indeed, and not any irresistible
 fate which had been the cause of
 her ruin. To compleat her misery

she herself was suspected of having stolen the silver cup which Rachel had pocketed. Her master, however, would not prosecute her, as she was falling into a deep decline, and she died in a few months of a broken heart.

Rachel, whenever she got near home used to drop her trade of fortune-teller, and only dealt in the wares of her basket. Mr. Wilton, the clergyman, found her one day dealing out some very wicked ballads to some children. He went up with a view to give her a reprimand; but had no sooner begun his exhortation than up came a constable, followed by several people. "There she is, that is the old witch who tricked my wife out of the five guineas," said one of them. "Do your office constable, seize that old hag. She may tell fortunes and find pots of gold in Taunton gaol, for

f have here she will have nothing else to
 Rachel to?" This was that very farmer
 wever Jenkins, whose wife had been cheat-
 he was d by Rachel of the five guineas.
 nd she He had taken pains to trace her to
 broken her own parish: he did not so much
 value the loss of the money, but he
 thought it was a duty he owed the
 near public to clear the country of such
 f for. vermin. Mr. Wilson immediately
 a the committed her. She took her trial
 a, the at the next assizes, when she was sen-
 aling tenced to a year's imprisonment. In
 some the mean time the pawnbroker to
 view whom she had sold the cup, which
 had she had stolen from poor Sally's mas-
 than ter, was impeached; and as the robbery
 by was fully proved upon Rachel, she
 that was sentenced for this crime to Bo-
 wife tany Bay; and a happy day it was
 of for the county of Somerset, when
 ize such a nuisance was sent out of it.
 nd She was transported much about the
 for same time that her husband Giles

lost his life in stealing the net from the Prude
garden wall. better
under


I have thought it my duty to print when
this little history as a kind warning to think
all you young men and maidens fate.
not to have any thing to say to un-

TO CHEATS, IMPOSTORS, CUNNING conce
WOMEN, FORTUNE-TELLERS, CUNJUR who
ERS, and INTERPRETERS OF DREAMS.— vagal

Listen to me, your true friend, when I break
assure you that God never reveals to King
weak and wicked women those secret he h
designs of his providence, which no will
human wisdom is able to foresee. To conj
consult these false oracles is not only thof
foolish but sinful. It is foolish, because folly
they are themselves as ignorant as those
whom they pretend to teach, and it is
sinful, because it is prying into that fu-
turity which God, as kindly as wisely,
hides from men. God indeed orders
all things; but when you have a mind
to do a foolish thing, do not fancy you
are *fated* to do it. This is tempting
Providence, and not trusting him. It
is indeed, "charging God with folly."

Prudence is his gift, and you obey him better when you make use of prudence under the direction of prayer, than when you madly run into ruin, and think you are only submitting to your fate. Never fancy that you are compelled to undo yourself. Never believe that God conceals his will from a sober Christian who obeys his laws, and reveals it to a vagabond Gipsy, who runs up and down breaking the laws, both of God and man. King Saul never consulted the witch till he had left off serving God. The Bible will direct us what to do better than any conjurer, and no days are unlucky but those which we make so by our vanity, folly, and sin.

T H E E N D.

 Next week will be publish'd the History of the Two Shoemakers.

T H E
P L U M C A K E S;
O R, T H E
FARMER and his THREE SONS

A FARMER who some wealth possess'd
With three fine boys was also blest;
The lads were healthy, stout, and young,
And neither wanted sense nor tongue.
Tom, Will, and Jack, like other boys,
Lov'd tops and marbles, sports and toys.
The father scouted that false plan,
That money only makes the man;
But, to the best of his discerning,
Was bent on giving them good learning;
He was a man of observation,
No scholar, yet had penetration;
So with due care, a school he sought,
Where his young sons might well be
taught.

Quoth he, "I know not which rehearset
Most properly his themes or verses,
Yet I can do a father's part,

And school the temper, mind, and heart;
 The natural bent of each I'll know,
 And trifles best that bent may show."

'Twas just before the closing year,
 When Christmas holidays were near,
 The farmer call'd to see his boys,
 And ask'd how each his time employs.
 Quoth Will, "there's father, boys, with-
 out,

He's brought us something good no doubt."

The father sees their merry faces.

With joy beholds them, and embraces.

"Come boys, of home you'll have your
 fill,"

"Yes, Christmas now is near," says Will,

'Tis just twelve days—these notches see,

My notches with the days agree."

Well (said the fire,) again I'll come,

And gladly fetch my brave boys home.

You two the dappled mare shall ride,

Jack mount the poney by his side:

Mean time, my lads, I've brought you
 here

No small provision of good cheer.

Then from his pocket strait he takes

A vast profusion of plum cakes;

He counts them out, a plenteous store,

No boy shall have or less or more;

Twelve cakes he gives to each dear son
 When each expected only one ;
 And then, with many a kind expression
 He leaves them to their own discretion
 Resolv'd to mark the use each made
 Of what he to their hands convey'd.

The twelve days past he comes once
 more,

And brings the horses to the door ;
 The boys with rapture see appear
 The poney and the dappled mare ;
 Each moment now an hour they count
 And flash their whips and long to mount
 As with the boys his ride he takes,
 He asks the history of the cakes.

Says Will, " dear father, life is short
 So I resolv'd to make quick sport ;
 The cakes were all so nice and sweet,
 I thought I'd have one jolly treat,
 Why should I balk, said I, my taste ?
 I'll make at once a hearty feast.
 So, snugly by myself I fed,
 When every boy was gone to-bed ;
 I gorg'd them all both paste and plum,
 And did not waste a single crumb ;
 Indeed they made me, to my sorrow
 As sick as death upon the morrow ;

This made me mourn my rich repast,
And wish I had not fed so fast.”
Quoth Jack, “ I was not such a dunce,
To eat my quantum up at once;
And tho’ the boys all long’d to clutch ’em,
I would not let a creature touch ’em;
Nor tho’ the whole were in my power,
Would I myself one cake devour ;
Thanks to the use of keys and locks,
They’re all now snug within my box ;
The mischief is, by hoarding long,
They’re grown so mouldy and so strong,
I find they won’t be fit to eat,
And I have lost my father’s treat.”

“Well Tom,” the anxious parent cries,
How did you manage?” Tom replies,
“I shun’d each wide extreme to take,
To glut my maw, or hoard my cake ;
I thought each day its wants would have,
And appetite again might crave ;
Twelve school-days still my notches
counted,
To twelve my father’s cakes amounted ;
In every day I took out one,
But never ate my cake alone ;
With every needy boy I shar’d,

APPLICATION.

So when our day of life is past,
 And all are fairly judg'd at last;
 The Miser and the Sensual find
 How each misused the gifts assign'd;
 While he who wisely spends and gives,
 To the true ends of living lives;
 'Tis self denying moderation
 Gains the GREAT FATHER's approbation.

Z.

*The following is a List of the REPOSITORY TRAC
already published by B. & J. JOHNSON,
and now for Sale at their Book-
Store, No. 147. Market St.
PHILADELPHIA.*

- No. 1 *Containing* The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain
Part I. & the Lancashire Collier Girl
- No. 2. The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain
Part II. & The Sorrows of Yamb
- No. 3. The Parable of the Laborers in the
Vine-yard, The Horse race, & the
Plow Boy's dream.
- No. 4. The wonderful Advantages of A
venturing in the Lottery, & the Ha
py Waterman.
- No. 5. The two Wealthy Farmers, Part
- No. 6. Ditto. Part II.
- No. 7. Ditto. Part III.
- No. 8, Ditto. Part IV.
- No. 9. Ditto. Part V.
- A New Christmas Hymn.
- No. 10 Sorrowful Sam, & An Account
of a pious Negro.
- No. 11. Tom White the postilion, Part
- No. 12. Ditto. Part II.
- The Grand Affizes.
- No. 13. The Cheapside Apprentice, Tr
Examples of the discovery of Murder
& A Prayer in Verse.
- No. 14. Husbandry Moralized. & an An
ecdote for Slandering & Backbiting.
- No. 15. Black Giles the poacher, Part I.
the Gin Shop.
- No 16 Black Giles, Part II. & a Hymn.

And more than half I always spar'd.
One every day 'twixt self and friend,
Has brought my dozen to an end;
My last remaining cake to-day
I would not touch, but gave away ;
A boy was sick, and scarce could eat,
To him it prov'd a welcome treat :
Jack call'd me spendthrift, not to save.
Will dubb'd me fool because I gave ;
But when our last day came I smil'd,
For Will's were gone and Jack's were
 spoil'd;

APPLICATION.

So when our day of life is past,
 And all are fairly judg'd at last;
 The Miser and the Sensual find
 How each misused the gifts assign'd;
 While he who wisely spends and gives,
 To the true ends of living lives;
 'Tis self denying moderation
 Gains the GREAT FATHER's approbation.

Z.

*The following is a List of the REPOSITORY TRACT
already published by B. & J. JOHNSON,
and now for Sale at their Book-
Store, No. 147. Market St.
PHILADELPHIA.*

- No. 1. *Containing* The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain
Part I. & the Lancashire Collier Girl
- No. 2. The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain
Part II. & The Sorrows of Yamba
- No. 3. The Parable of the Laborers in the
Vine-yard, The Horse race, & the
Plow Boy's dream.
- No. 4. The wonderful Advantages of Ad-
venturing in the Lottery, & the Happy
Waterman.
- No. 5. The two Wealthy Farmers, Part I.
- No. 6. Ditto. Part II.
- No. 7. Ditto. Part III.
- No. 8. Ditto. Part IV.
- No. 9. Ditto. Part V. &
A New Christmas Hymn.
- No. 10. Sorrowful Sam, & An Account of
a pious Negro.
- No. 11. Tom White the postilion, Part I.
- No. 12. Ditto. Part II. &
The Grand Assizes.
- No. 13. The Cheap-side Apprentice, True
Examples of the discovery of Murder,
& A Prayer in Verse.
- No. 14. Husbandry Moralized. & an Anti-
dote for Slandering & Backbiting.
- No. 15. Black Giles the poacher, Part I. &
the Gin Shop.
- No 16. Black Giles, Part II. & a Hymn.